

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JAMES GRANT, AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c. AND FRANCIS ROSS, FORMERLY SOLE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Illustrations of Humanity. No. XXII.—Wandering		Loves of the Poets. No. IV.—The Lesbia of Drummond	
Musicians	254	— Leonora D'Este	261
Poetical Contributions. No. III.	254	The Gude Maid's Cross	262
English Seats and Scenery. No. III.—Knowle Park,		Penal Code of China	263
Kent. Part the Second	256	ORIGINAL POETRY: The Lover's Wishes	264
New Method of Teaching Grammar	257	Dirge of Louisa, Queen of Prussia	264
Specimen of a New Yankee Dictionary	257	Varieties	264
A Story for Boys and Girls. Chapter IV.	258		

WANDERING MUSICIANS.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. XXII.—WANDERING MUSICIANS.

THEY say that Welsh harps are silent; that Scotch bagpipes are no longer flatulent; and Irish drones have given out their last mournful cry. Nay, English fiddles are becoming dumb; and though our gallant tars are still not altogether insensible to the charms of catgut, and in remote places, where fairs are yet held in reverence, country wenches foot it heartily, inspired by provincial scrapers, our national music is notwithstanding, at a low ebb. Where be our wandering minstrels of old? Alas, echo has scarcely breath enough left to answer—where!

But, notwithstanding, we love music; and as Lablaches, and Rubinis, and Tamburinis, and Grisis, and all the host of them, exchange their foreign notes for English hard cash, so do our wandering Tyrolese exchange their jiggling strains for good copper moneys. Even the gipsies creep near towns during the severity of winter, and venture under the shelter of a stationary roof. So also our wandering Tyrolese minstrels congregate chiefly in London during the short and dark days that intervene between November and March. But when laughing spring calls on summer, and the daisy besprinkles the field, and the swallow returns, and the voice of the cuckoo is heard, then do they go forth over the kingdom, and collect tribute in every town. They are heard at all watering places; they swarm in Bath and Buxton, and buzz in Leamington and Cheltenham, in Harrowgate and Tunbridge Wells; and when sentimental folks perch on the banks of our northern English lakes, the Tyrolese wake up the echoes of Winandermere, and even—all unconscious of the “presence”—fidget Wordsworth at Rydal mount. Very pretty and very romantic it is, for a young lady to step out of a cottage on the banks of the lake, to speak a few kind words to the “Minstrel Boy,” while the servant maid marvels much to hear how clever young “missus” is, for she can talk to the “forriner” in his own gibberish, the little ones all the while gazing on the moving atomies in that magic box of wonders whirling about in regular order, as the musician grinds out his barrel-full of tunes.

Our artist has exhibited a “Minstrel Boy” with true artistic feeling. At the entrance of a village, near a prettily embowered cottage, the Tyrolese has unfolded his box, set his figurantes in motion, and commenced his music. With what an earnest look of wonder the two youngsters are peering forward! The girl watches their evolutions, too, though she is too old to gaze with wonder; and the little one in her arms hold out its tiny hand, as, child-like, it would grasp them all. The youth is a fine specimen of the genuine Tyrolese, artless, good-natured, and meek-like; one would think that music was his food, and endurance his element.

But, alas! all is not innocence, sentiment, and peace. These poor lads arrive in England, ignorant and simple; and though for a time they retain their primitive sim-

licity, too often does the air of England prove too gross for them. We write this in a rural place; and though we should be sorry to let a single fact take away the character of an entire people, yet the following “awful occurrence,” which has happened within a few hours of our present writing, may not be deemed devoid of pertinence.

Near our habitation is a school and a schoolmistress; and amongst her pupils are two little dears, the daughters of a farmer, who abides on the hills. Daily they descend to the school; and daily their tender mamma fills a basket with their dinners, which the schoolmistress cooks for them.

Early one morning a band of these Tyrolese passed in company; and loth to lose a chance of earning a penny, one of them opened his box, set his Lilliputians in motion, and began to grind. Swift at the sound, gathered the village children, especially as they were flocking to school; and the minstrel, surrounded by a marvelling crowd, played out his play. When there appeared no more chance of pence, the box was abruptly closed, the wonders were concealed, the band departed—and mark what follows.

Their road lay over the hill; and they encountered the two little children as they were descending to the school. Sir Walter Scott makes King James, of gunpowder plot memory, ask, “Can ye no’ smell pouter?” The Tyrolese minstrels smelt meat; and falling foul of the little dears, rifled their basket; our informant, an agonized servant girl, said that all they left was—three raw potatoes!

POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.—No. III.

OUT of a host of poetical contributions which have reached us within the last three weeks, we select the few which follow. The first is from the pen of Mr. Malcolm Taylor, of Glasgow, a young man of much intellectual promise, when it is remembered that the time which his other avocations allow him to devote to intercourse with the Muses, is but limited. The piece is in the ballad style, and is entitled

HE HAS PARTED WITH THEE.

HE has parted with thee—what matters it now
To restore all your happier hours
By memory’s aid?—They are past, and e’en thou,
Among the fairest of mortal flowers,
Art passing life’s morning,—thy love knows not where,
For he dare not meet thee again,
A victim to perjury—burdened with care—
A proof of the falsehood of men.

Yet he loved thee—how fondly ’twere idle to say—
And time hath approved it sincere,
That wherever his love might be lent for a day,
Thou alone to his bosom wert dear.
He cannot conceal it, unchanging his heart
Turns with fondest affection to thee,
And fate could no richer enjoyment impart
To him than thy beauty to see!

But ne’er shall he gaze on thy dazzling dark eyes—
No more he thy form shall behold,
The last hope he cherished within him now dies,
And expire all his wishes untold.

Yet the tale that he tells not too truly is known
To those who have marked his decline,
And who, though he reap of the seed he had sown,
With sorrow behold him repine.

Mr. E. J. Hytche, from whose pen several pieces have already appeared in the *SATURDAY JOURNAL*, has furnished us with six sonnets, under the general title of "Hours at York." They are severally numbered, and headed as follows.

I.—THE CITY.

Vast relic of the past!—upon thy brow
Disparted hang thick locks of greyest hue;
And on thy visage lieth the damp dew
Of ancient days: yet brighter dost thou grow
From Time's advances, which doth downward move
Thy feebler rivals:—as a mighty oak
Upbeareth firm against the woodman's stroke,
So standest thou erect, and every blow
Falleth aside unfelt. So shalt thou stand!
Cities may be built of gaudier look,
And palaces upreared by master-hand:
Yet in thy walls each dim and shadowy nook
Speaks to the soul in accents calm and bland
Of beauty, blazoned as in poet's book.

II.—YORK MINSTER.

Majestic temple!—on thy brow is graven
A glory such as poet may not trace;
And stands revealed th' unutterable grace
Which in thy columned aisle hath found a haven;
Beside St. Peter's fane thou art not craven,
But proudly flingest back its rivalry;
And as the anthem floats melodiously
Methinks I listen to the strains of heaven.
True,—worship of our God is not confined
To sculptured temple, spanning the broad earth:
For piety within the soul hath birth,
And in the humblest cot is oft enshrined:
But fool is he who lingereth in this pile,
In whom deep reverence gloweth not the while.

III.—THE CITY WALL.

The din of warfare, and the battle-cry,
Ring shrilly from the ancient battlements;
And pennons flaunt, whose blazonry presents
The gallant deeds of meek-browed chivalry.
See!—spears are gleaming 'neath the darkening sky,
And death-fires glow hotly and fierce around,
Hark!—as the cannons' echo doth resound,
A piercing shriek telleth that myriads die.
The scene is changed!—no more the trumpets' bray
Calleth to arms, nor is the war-fire glancing;
No more bold warriors in their stern array,
With fierce hurrahs, are on their chargers prancing:
For war hath fled—O, may it henceforth cease!—
Leaving supreme the calming arts of peace.

IV.—CLIFFORD'S TOWER.

I stood beside the grey decaying wall
Of Clifford's ivied tower; and then methought,
As ancient scenes were as by magic wrought,
I heard sleek warders with lustiest call
Invite their comrades to the antique hall,
Where the bold baron sate in worshipped state,
Midst cherished vassals, who, with joy elate,
Handed the wassail bowl to revellers all.
And then, wind-waft, I heard the earnest song,
Poured by a bard whose locks were long and hoary;
And as he sang aloud his master's glory,
His trembling hand swept the harp's chords among:
And with what rapturous tones he sang the praise
Of Clifford's Tower, which men re-echo in these days!

V.—ST. MARY'S ABBEY.

I wandered by thy margin, Howse, so still,
Where flowers are drinking at the river's brim;
When, lo! I heard a sweet and plaintive hymn
Burst from St. Mary's Abbey—soft as rill
Which murmurs quietly by some steep hill:
And then I saw pale faces where the gleam
Of passion came not e'en in nightly dream,
But was subdued by an all-conquering will.
But from my dream I woke! the shadows fled,
The voices were all hushed, and not a tone
Broke on the silence, save the hollow moan
Of the careering wind, which visited
And wooed each crypt, and with a stifled groan
Sang a stern requiem for the sleeping dead!

VI.—FAREWELL TO YORK.

A pilgrim visited the silver shrine—
All o'er inscribed with character quaint,—
Which held the relics of an ancient saint:
Far had he wandered over ocean's brine
To see those relics, and with mournful pine,
He lingered in the temple—to depart
Was as to drain the life-blood from the heart,
Which drank their glories as the richest wine.
And so, O York, I too have wandered far
To meet thy witchery, which with loud acclaim,
Men hail as some bright meteoric star,
Whose glorious radiance darkness may not tame:
And now I leave thee, as a loving friend
Parts from a brother, with whom his soul doth blend!

We conclude our "Contributions" for the present, with one of a very lively nature, in which the character of aristocratic gossip is hit off with great effect.

TEN MINUTES' GOSSIP.

How charmed I am, dear Lady Jane,
Your good looks to remark;
I thought this tiresome drizzling rain
Would keep you from the park:
Since you for Brighton town did leave,
Lord C. has lost at play,
But then, you know, I don't believe
One half what people say.
Last week, that flirting Lady J.,
The dark-haired one I mean,
(I always thought her rather gay)
Went off with Captain Green.
For dear Sir George, poor man, I grieve,
He drinks his health away,
But then, you know, I don't believe
One half what people say.
They tell me that Lord Arthur Dash
An heiress fain would wed,
But now his uncle Calipash,
The alderman, is dead.
So matrimony he may leave
To some far distant day,
But then, you know, I don't believe
One half what people say.
And only think, Miss Laura Moss
At Beulah Spa was seen,
(At me she used her head to toss,
But I scorn to be mean.)
Folks hint, and yet they may deceive,
Alone with Charles Dupré!
But then, you know, I don't believe
One half what people say.
Such shameless conduct merits well
Our censure and contempt,
And yet, our good friend Mrs. Ball
From blame is less exempt.

She who her husband could deceive,
And flirt with Percy Grey,—
But then, you know, I don't believe
One half what people say.
I must be off, I've calls to make,
I vow 'tis almost four,
A drive to Regent's Park will take
Full half an hour or more.
Your pretty *salon* I must leave,
(So hot, I cannot stay,
Unpaid for, too, if I believe
One half what people say.)

We are indebted to Mr. C. E. V. Hervey for this last contribution. Others from the same gentleman, who possesses a singularly versatile pen, are intended for early insertion. We expect to be able, in the course of a few weeks, to lay before our readers some valuable articles, by Mr. Hervey, on German literature.

ENGLISH SEATS AND SCENERY.

No. III.—KNOWLE PARK, KENT.

PART THE SECOND.

THE ball room and drawing room at Knowle, are crowded with pictures, many of them portraits of the Sackvilles, and other families who have possessed or been connected with the domain or its owners.

First, in the ball room, is a portrait of Charles Sackville, earl of Dorset, the wit, the poet, and libertine of the court of Charles II., the Mæcenas of his time, the friend of Pope, Dryden, Prior, Butler, Wycherly, and Congreve; the most consistent statesman of the age—alike remarkable for his taste and judgment, his elegance and generosity.

A pleasant anecdote is told of the earl and Dryden.

"The company they were in disputing as to which could write the best impromptu, agreed each to try, and chose Dryden as the judge. All but Lord Dorset seemed to take great pains. He carelessly scrawled a few words, and threw the paper upon the table. The effusions being examined, Dryden observed, he thought the company would unanimously agree with him, that nothing could surpass the earl's, which he begged to read.

"I promise to pay Mr. John Dryden, or order, £500. on demand. DORSET."

Near him, hangs his countess, a beautiful woman, with a pensive and somewhat disdainful expression. She was originally Miss Bagot, a daughter of Colonel Hervey Bagot, and of his lady, one of the Ardens, of Park Hall, Warwickshire. Miss Bagot was first married to Charles Berkeley, earl of Falmouth, in 1663. Her first husband, however, did not long survive, having fallen in the great naval victory gained by the Duke of York, off Harwich, in 1665. Lord Falmouth fell on board the Royal Charles, the duke's ship, the same shot striking down Lord Muskerrey, and a son of the earl of Burlington's. In 1668, the countess of Falmouth became countess of Dorset, and died at Knowle about 1684. After her death, Lord Dorset married lady Mary Compton, a daughter of the earl of Northampton, a woman celebrated in her time, for her virtue, beauty, and accomplishments.

Edward the fourth earl, grandfather of the poetical earl last mentioned. This is the nobleman whose unfortunate duel with Lord Bruce, of Kinloss, in 1613, made such a noise in the time of James I. Lord Bruce and the young earl, at that time Sir Edward Sackville, had been for some time attached friends, but in 1613 a quarrel occurred between them, supposed to have originated in the dishonour which Sackville brought upon Lord Bruce's sister, in consequence of an illicit amour. A duel followed, near

Bergen op Zoom, in Holland, in which Bruce fell, and which was fought under circumstances of the most ferocious nature, even for the beginning of the seventeenth century. They had retired to the continent to prevent interruption, and Sir John Heydon and Mr. Shaftoe the seconds, were not present when the encounter took place. The circumstances of this duel have been detailed in a curious original letter of Sackville's, the survivor, and it has been fully commemorated in the 'Guardian,' by Steele.

The unfortunate Lord Bruce was interred near where he had fallen, his heart having been sent home and deposited in the family burial vault at Culross abbey, in Scotland, where it was discovered about thirty years ago, in a silver case, and still in a state of preservation.

'Anne Countess of Dorset,' wife of the fourth earl, the resolute and independent spirit of the time of Charles II. Her note to Charles's secretary of state, in answer to a recommendation from him of a person to sit for her burgh of Appleby, is characteristic.

"I have been bullied by an usurper, (Cromwell) I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand." 'Ann Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery.'

Another portrait in the ball room, is that of the amiable and accomplished George John, fourth duke of Dorset, whose melancholy death, in 1815, excited so much regret at the time. He was killed at the early age of twenty-two, by a fall from his horse, while hunting near Dublin, when on a visit to Earl Whitworth, his relation, at that time Lord Lieutenant. The duke was a school companion and early friend of Lord Byron, who has written some affecting lines on his death.

In one of the rooms is a likeness of Alfieri, the Italian poet and novelist, the excitement of whose early life has again been exhibited in that of a great English poet. Count Vittorio Alfieri was born of a noble family at Asti, in Piedmont, about 1749. He first visited England in 1770, when he was noted as 'the empty, fashionable, dissipated count Alfieri,' characterised as a fearless horseman and handsome young nobleman, rather than the talented poet, whose genius was ere long to throw a new lustre upon Italian literature.

When in England, he was passionately attached to the beautiful but licentious lady Ligonier, for whom he committed the greatest extravagances; dislocated his arm with leaping a fiery horse at a gate, in mere wantonness of excitement, scaled the walls of Cobham park, with his left arm in a sling, fought a few days after, and in the same condition, a sword duel with Lord Ligonier, in the Green park; and though wounded, appeared the same evening at the Italian Opera. Soon after this, he returned to Italy, and in 1780, applied himself to the composition of the first of his great poetical works. It is well known that Alfieri eventually married the countess of Albany, a princess of the house of Stolberg Gern, and the widow of Prince Charles Stuart, the hero of 1745.

It is gratifying to record, that lady Ligonier (who had been divorced) subsequently married a private English gentleman, with whom she appears to have lived happily and in retirement.

Some great works adorn the walls of the drawing room. 'A Holy Family,' by Titian; the same subject by Paul Veronese; copy of the 'Sybil' of Domenichino, and a 'Head of Raphael,' are most worthy of notice. The original of Domenichino's 'Sybil,' is in the Capitol at Rome, and has long been considered one of the most wonderful pictures in the world. It fixes the attention at the first glance. The face has an eastern cast; it is dark, and there is something strange and unearthly in the dark beauty of the eyes.

Near it is a family group, a young girl of the Sackville family, with her little brother playing beside her. This little piece is full of gracefulness and nature.

"On her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls;—but then her face
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

The little boy also is a perfect picture of archness and grace.

"For many a merry jest, and mock reply,
Lurk in the laughter of his dark blue eye."

In the Venetian bedroom (so called from a Venetian ambassador, Nicolo Molino, having slept in it) is an admirable sketch by Rubens, of Meleager and the Boar, a portrait of Mrs. Abingdon (the popular actress) by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the death of Cleopatra, by Domenichino. How variously, yet how admirably, is the Egyptian queen always represented! Here she is dying, her eyes shaded with the darkest eyelashes, are raised to heaven, while her face wears the smile with which she met Cæsar and Antony, and lastly, Death!

"Upon her face there is the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lids were filled with unshed tears."

There is here a portrait of a Venetian nobleman, one of the Contarinis, if we mistake not, whose family, one of the noblest of Venice, gave eight Doges to the republic.

The dining or poets' parlour has last to be visited. It is hung with portraits of most of our great English poets; the unfortunate Shelley is one, being related to the Sackville family. This eminent poet was the eldest son of Sir Timothy Sydney Shelley, Bart. of Castle Goring, Sussex, and was connected by his father with the noble family of the Sydneys. It is well known that Mr. Shelley was cut off in the flower of his years and his genius, having been drowned in a storm on the Genoese coast, 8th July, 1822, while returning in his yacht from Leghorn to his residence, near the town of Lerici. Mr. Williams of the Guards, perished along with him. Shelley's remains were laid in the protestant burial ground at Rome, beside those of his friend and admirer, Mr. Keats.

The other remarkable sights at Knowle, may be summed up in a few words. The chapel room is worth seeing; it contains a piece of carved work, 'Christ bearing the Cross,' which is said to have belonged to Mary of Scotland. The 'Cartoon gallery' has a set of copies of the immortal works of Raphael.

And lastly, in the colonnade are some fine pieces of sculpture, among others, 'a Fountain Nymph asleep,' and a 'Head of Antinous,' from Hadrian's villa.

"Quitting the mansion, we once more feel the fresh bracing air of the park playing about our brow. Sight-seeing, after all, is fatiguing. Therefore, well pleased do we stroll along one of the verdurous paths, careless which we choose, in the certainty of finding all delightful. And what a scene presently breaks upon us! We are on the rising ground that skirts a gentle valley; the green murmuring forest is behind and above; whilst before,—woods and heaths, towns and villages, churches and mansions, stretch away towards the distant hills of Hampshire; but above all, reposing on a gentle swell of the ground, making the eye gleam with pleasure to see it, and the heart glad but to hear its name, is Penshurst, the home of the Sydneys, among its noble beeches, and broad terraced gardens, and fair enough, as we now see it, to have inspired the Arcadia of the poet."

NEW METHOD OF TEACHING GRAMMAR.*

MR. MUDIE, author of "The Illuminated Temple of Letters," by means of which the alphabet may be taught to infants in an incredibly short time, has just published an account of a new system, also his own invention, for simplifying and rendering easy the mode of teaching grammar.

Mr. Mudie's object is to divest grammar of the irksomeness and repulsiveness which it possesses to every juvenile mind, and to render it amusing and attractive. His plan is as ingenious as it is new. He has invented three hundred moveable parts of speech, which are all placed in a small box at the end of the explanatory volume, and ranged in different compartments according to size. These parts of speech are in many instances further illustrated by sensible signs. For example, the substantive "a horse," not only contains the word "horse," but a small engraving of the animal. Mr. Mudie's system, in order to be effectually as well as speedily taught, requires the aid of a living teacher; and with an ingenious teacher, the science of grammar may not only be rendered attractive, but of easy comprehension, in its leading principles, to any juvenile mind of ordinary capacity. The plan is amply and clearly explained in 150 pages of letter-press, in which a great deal of sound grammatical knowledge will be found. As this new and ingenious plan of rendering grammar easy and amusing is made known, it will be sure to become popular.

SPECIMEN OF A NEW YANKEE DICTIONARY.

Cat.—An animal that old maids love, because it gives out sparks when it is rubbed.

Treadmill.—A retired place for the accommodation of those addicted to appropriation.

Bonnet.—A kind of inverted coal-hod, in which ladies' heads are carried.

Misery.—The life of an unpaid printer.

Nothing.—The conscience of a thorough politician.

Umbrellas.—Common property.

Independence.—A strong determination to place yourself where you are not wanted.

Tempest.—Something that comes to married people after the honey-moon.

Merit.—That which receives no praise.

Money.—A fish peculiarly difficult to catch.

The Grave.—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

Modesty.—A beautiful flower, that flourishes only in secret places.

Sensibility.—A quality by which its possessor, in attempting to promote the happiness of other people, loses his own.

A Young Man of Talent.—An impertinent scoundrel who thrusts himself forward; a writer of execrable poetry; a person without modesty; a noisy fellow; a speech maker.

Lawyer.—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

My Dear.—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Watchman.—A man employed by the parish to sleep in the open air.

Thin Shoe.—An article worn in winter by high-spirited young ladies, who would rather die than conceal the beauty of their feet.

* Grammar made Easy and Amusing. By G. Mudie.

A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

CHAPTER IV.

NOTHING remarkable occurred in the valley during the ensuing summer. The charcoal-burners divided their time between their occupation in the wood and the cultivation of their little gardens. Their wives took care of the cottages, and reared plenty of hens; and the children made constant inquiries when Easter would come again.

In the mean time, however, the good lady had many troubles to encounter: her old faithful servant, who had followed her into retirement, and managed her affairs, had been for some time seriously ill, and was no longer able to leave the valley on those journeys which from time to time he had been accustomed to take. His strength diminished daily; and as autumn approached, he became almost entirely confined to the house, seldom leaving it even on the warmest days. Not only was his mistress grieved to witness Bertram's sufferings, for whom she had the greatest regard, but she had additional cause for sorrow on her own account, as he could no longer go in quest of information, upon which her future proceedings must materially depend.

Nor was this all. One day, when the charcoal-burners returned to the valley, they brought tidings that on the preceding night four men, in complete armour, had accosted them in the wood. They said that they were vassals of Count Stromberg, who had just arrived in the mountains with a large retinue, and made several inquiries respecting the state of the country.

Oswald, the miller, went immediately to apprise the lady of the circumstance. He found her seated beside the bed of poor Bertram; and was proceeding with his recital, when at the name of Stromberg she nearly fell to the ground.



"Alas!" she exclaimed, "this Count is my most cruel enemy, and I trust that the charcoal-burners have not made known the place of my retreat!"

The miller endeavoured to quiet her fears, by assuring her that no inquiries had been made for her; that the men, who had only approached to warm themselves at the fire,

had departed at day-light, though it was believed that they were still somewhere in the mountains.

"My dear Oswald," said the lady, "since I became your tenant, I have always found you a kind and faithful friend. I will now tell you the story of my misfortunes, and you will find that I have no slight grounds for alarm. I am sure that you will not refuse me either your advice or your assistance; and upon them I will confidently rely.

"You see before you the Lady Rosalind, daughter of the Duke of Burgundy. Two distinguished noblemen, the counts Stromberg and Lindenberg, asked my hand in marriage; but the former, who is exceedingly rich and powerful, was vulgar in his mind and vicious in his habits. Lindenberg, on the other hand, was brave and generous, but poor in comparison with his rival; and though his patrimony was small, he was of a nature too noble to think of enriching himself by violence.

"I need not tell you that he was the favoured suitor. My father sanctioned my choice; my marriage portion left us nothing to desire, and our happiness was complete.

"Stromberg, disappointed in his suit, conceived an implacable hatred against us; and though he dared not proceed to open violence, he only waited an opportunity to satiate his revenge. A war breaking out, my husband took arms in defence of his country, and followed his sovereign to the field. Stromberg was also summoned in the cause, but under different pretences delayed to make his preparations, and let them depart without him, giving his promise to join the army in a few days.

"No sooner had they gone, than he treacherously attacked our castle, which had been left without defence, and my only resource was instant flight. With the few valuables which we could hastily collect together, I placed myself under the guidance of my faithful servant; and with my two children arrived, as you recollect, after a fearful and fatiguing journey, in this secure retreat. Here it was my intention to remain till my husband should return, and recover our estates from the heartless plunderer.

"Bertram left me from time to time to obtain intelligence respecting the progress of the war; but hitherto his information has been sadly discouraging. Stromberg still enjoyed the fruits of his wickedness, and the war continued with variable success. For some time past, however, sickness has confined him to the valley, so that I have received no tidings whatsoever, either of my husband or my home. He may possibly have fallen in battle, or be a prisoner in the hands of the enemy; and Stromberg may have discovered the place of my concealment. If such should be the case, what will become of me? what will become of my babes? Death is the least we can expect from his cruelty. Oh! speak, Oswald, I entreat you, to the charcoal-burners, and conjure them not to betray me."

"Betray you!" exclaimed the miller; "there is not one who would not lay down his life for you. Before Stromberg could do you the slightest injury, he would have to pass over the dead bodies of us all. Fear not, noble lady, you will have no lack of protectors, and brave ones too."

Such was also the unanimous language of the charcoal-burners, when the miller told them the lady's story.

"Let him come," they cried, "let him come; we will show him a shorter way back."

Still the good lady was filled with apprehension. She dared not leave the house, nor trust her children out of her sight. Her days and nights were passed in continued alarm, and it was not till Stromberg's party were known

to have quitted the mountains, that she ventured on a walk.

Taking her children with her, she one day followed a delightful green path, overhung with trees and rocks, and leading to a retired dell, at some little distance from the cottage. It was a beautiful autumnal day, after several weeks of disagreeable rainy weather. The children had strolled away in search of blackberries and wild flowers. The lady was alone, absorbed in sad reflections, when a pilgrim descended the crag unobserved, and stood beside her. He wore, according to the custom of the times, a black-hooded cloak, and carried in his hand a long white staff. His mien was noble and his step firm; his long hair, which fell in disorder over his shoulders, and his unshorn beard, were white as snow; but his face had still the freshness of youth.



As soon as she was conscious of the presence of a stranger, the lady's fears were instantly awakened; and though he saluted her respectfully, it was some time before she could divest herself of the dread of an enemy in disguise.

"Noble lady," said the pilgrim, seeing her dismay, "you have nothing to fear from me. You are no stranger to me: I know you better than you imagine; you are Rosalind of Burgundy. Full well am I acquainted with the unhappy circumstances which have driven you to seek an asylum among these barren rocks; and your husband also, from whom you have been separated these three years, is perfectly known to me. Since your miserable flight, he has met with various adventures; but if Lindenberg is still dear to you, and you would wish to hear tidings of his welfare, such tidings you may learn from me. Peace has been concluded; the sovereign has returned at the head of a numerous army; your husband has regained his estates, and the traitor Stromberg saved himself by flight. At first he took refuge in these mountains; but he has been driven from his retreat, and you are secure from any further injury on his part. Lindenberg has but one remaining wish, to find again his faithful and beloved wife."

"This is joyful news indeed," said the lady. "May

God be blessed for his gracious mercies!" So saying, she fell upon her knees, and in a flood of tears gave vent to the thankfulness of her heart. "All-merciful God," she continued, "thou hast seen my tears, thou hast heard my prayers, thou hast granted the petitions which I have daily and hourly offered up to thee. Oh, Lindenberg, Lindenberg, would that I were already with thee! would that I could place in thine arms those dear children, who were but babes when you left us! Would that you were present, to hear for the first time from their lips the tender name of father! You ask me," she proceeded, turning to the pilgrim, "if I still think of my husband, if his memory is still dear to my heart?" Then calling her children, who were standing at a little distance, observing the stranger with looks of timid curiosity, she told them not to be afraid, and placing Frederic by her side, she said, "Come, my child, repeat the prayer which we say every morning for papa."

The child joined his hands with reverence, and raising his eyes towards heaven, repeated with much feeling the following words:—

"Oh, merciful God! have pity on two poor helpless babes. Our dear father is at the war: spare, oh spare his precious life. We promise to be good and pious children, that papa may be pleased, and love us when he returns."

"And now, Blanche," said her mother to the little rosy-cheeked girl, "how do we pray every night before we go to bed?"

The lovely child clasped her little hands together, raised her bright blue eyes, and said, with infant simplicity:—

"Oh, heavenly Father, before we lie down to rest, we implore thy mercy to defend that good earthly father, whom thou has given us. Grant him a quiet and peaceable night, and may thy holy angels watch over his repose. We beseech thee also to give sweet sleep to our dear mother, so that for a time she may forget her troubles and her sorrows. If it seem good to thine all-wise providence, may this night be the last of their unhappy separation; or at least grant to our dear father a speedy return."

"Amen, amen," said the now happy mother, and she kissed her children with the most affectionate tenderness.

The pilgrim could no longer restrain his emotion; the tears started from his eyes, in an instant he threw aside his pilgrim's dress, which covered the costume of a noble knight. He was young, strong, and handsome, and no other than the Count Lindenberg himself. Clasping them to his bosom, he sobbed aloud, "O Rosalind, my wife! my children!"

The Lady Rosalind stood for some time motionless with joy and surprise: nor did the children know what to make of the sudden change in the appearance of the pilgrim. At length, when she had somewhat regained her composure, Lindenberg informed his wife that he had come in search of her, with a numerous retinue, whom he had left at some distance in the rear, in consequence of the difficulties of the journey; and that having assumed the dress of a pilgrim, (a custom very common in those times, with knights who wished to pass unknown,) he had hastened forward, to assure himself under that disguise of her health and safety, and to prepare her by degrees for the joyful news of his return. To her inquiries respecting his adventures, he replied in the following words:

"Our reunion, my dear Rosalind, is the reward of your goodness to the poor, and more especially to the children of this valley. It is for this that Providence has restored to your own children the father whom they have prayed for. Had it not been for your generous and pious sentiments, we should not yet have been united, perhaps, indeed, we might never have met again; for you were surrounded with enemies, and might in an instant have fallen

into their power. Stromberg was in pursuit of you, even to the moment of my arrival in the mountains. Look at this,"—and he showed her the egg, bearing the motto;

"To those who on his help rely,
In time of trouble, God is nigh."

"It is this egg which, under God, has been the means of bringing us together. For months past, I had sent squire after squire in search of you, but in vain. At length one, whose name is Egbert, returned after so long an absence that fears had been entertained of his safety. He had fallen down a precipice, and was at the point of death from starvation, when a young man discovered him in that frightful condition, satisfied his hunger, and presented him, in memory of his happy deliverance, with this egg, bearing a device so appropriate. No sooner had I seen it, than to my great surprise and joy, I recognized your hand-writing. We made for the dwelling of the stone-cutter in whose cottage Egbert had found an asylum, as fast as our horses could carry us; and under the guidance of the young man whom you relieved, I have found my way hither. If your heart had not suggested the idea of giving an entertainment to the children of the valley;—if you had not thought of mingling instruction with their amusement, by means of the mottos inscribed upon the eggs;—and if my dear Frederic and Blanche had been less charitable towards the poor young stranger, this happy day might not yet have arrived. Thus it is that the most trifling act of goodness, performed in a pure and disinterested spirit, draws down the blessing of God upon the agent, even in this world. Remember this, my children, and be ever ready to do all the good in your power. Follow the example of your dear mother; relieve the afflicted; pity the distressed; 'be merciful, and you shall obtain mercy!' Relying on the protection of your Maker, you will still continue to experience the fulfilment of that eternal truth, whereof our own history furnishes such a striking example. Reflect seriously on the events of this day; place your trust in God, and he will never forsake you. I will have this egg set in pearls and gold, and suspend it in a conspicuous place in the castle, as a memorial of the mercies of God, and an encouragement to deserve them."

As the evening now began to close in *apacé*, the Count accompanied his wife to her residence in the valley; the children running before them a little in advance. On their arrival they found Egbert and Edward at the cottage, who had hastened to apprise Bertram of the happy return of his beloved master, and the tidings had already produced a sensible improvement in his health. Edward ran gaily forward to salute the lady and her children, and Egbert respectfully requested to kiss her generous hand, which had been the means, by God's help, of preserving his life. The Count tenderly embraced his old servant, and grasped with affection the hand of the worthy miller, who was there to welcome him, and offer his congratulations to the Countess. They all supped together at the Count's desire, and nothing was wanting to complete the happiness of the whole party.

On the morrow, joy was at its height in the valley. The news that a great lord had arrived, and that this great lord was the husband of their kind benefactress, produced a great sensation in every family. Old and young were in motion towards the cottage, to pay their respects to the noble stranger. He received them with great cordiality; saluted the good folks with much kindness, and thanked them for all that they had done for his wife and children.

"Indeed we have done nothing for her," they said, with tears in their eyes; "it is she who has loaded us with benefits."



The Count conversed for a long time with the good people, and spoke to each of them separately; and all were affected with his affability and benevolence.

Count Lindenberg spent several days in the valley; and before his departure he gave an entertainment to all the inhabitants. At the same table were seated the miller, the charcoal-burners, the Count's retainers, himself and his family. In the course of the evening he made presents to all his guests, and gave a handsome token of his regard to the miller. Edward and his family were not forgotten, a handsome provision being made for their future support. Martha continued in the service of the Countess.

Before they departed, the Count addressed the children of the valley. "I do not wish," he observed, "that the residence of the Countess Rosalind among you should soon be forgotten; and every Easter there shall be an annual festival, at which coloured eggs shall form part of the entertainment. Independently of her deliverance from so great perils and afflictions, these eggs will remind you of a deliverance far more interesting and important, as it more immediately affects yourselves. This other deliverance, is the redemption of mankind from sin and from death, by that Saviour who trampled over both. The feast of Easter is therefore a feast of especial rejoicing; and its celebration ought to awaken, in the breast of every one, that Christian love which is the very essence of religion. As God has loved us, so should we love one another; and we know that the love of God towards us is greater than that of the most affectionate father to his children. Of this divine love, the egg given to you may be regarded as a striking emblem with reference to the words of our blessed Saviour: 'If a son shall ask an egg of any of you that is a father, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them which ask him?' (Matt. vii. 11.—Luke xi. 12, 13.)"

LOVES OF THE POETS.—No. IV.

THE LESBIA OF DRUMMOND.

THE love of Drummond of Hawthornden, and the Lesbia of his poetry, was a beautiful girl, of the noble family of Cunningham. After a fervent courtship, he succeeded in securing her affections; but she died "in the fresh April of her years, and when their marriage day had been fixed." His grief on this event was so overwhelming, that he sunk at first into a total despondency and inactivity, from which he was with difficulty roused. He travelled for eight years, seeking in change of place and scene, some solace for his wounded peace. There was a kind of constancy even in Drummond's inconstancy; for meeting many years afterwards with an amiable girl, who bore the most striking resemblance to his lost mistress, he loved her for that very resemblance, and married her. Her name was Maria Logan. Drummond has been called the Scottish Petrarch. He tells us himself, that "he was the first in this isle who did celebrate a dead mistress,"—and his resemblance to Petrarch in elegance and sentiment, has often been observed. He has elegance, sweetness, and tenderness; but not the pathos nor the passion we might have expected from the circumstances of his attachment and his loss. He died in 1649.

LEONORA D'ESTE.

LEONORA D'ESTE, a princess of the proudest house in Europe, might have wedded an emperor, and have been forgotten. The idea, true or false, that she it was who broke the heart and frenzied the brain of Tasso, has glorified her to future ages; has given her a fame something like that of the Greek of old, who bequeathed his name to immortality, by firing the grandest temple of the universe. No poet, perhaps, ever owed so much to female influence as Tasso, or wrote so much under the intoxicating inspiration of love and beauty. The high tone of sentiment, the tenderness, and the delicacy, which pervade all his poems, which prevail even in his most voluptuous descriptions, and which give him such a decided superiority over Ariosto, cannot be owing to any change of manners or increase of refinement produced by a few years. It may be traced to the tender influence of two elegant women. He for many years read the cantos of his *Gerusalemme*, as he composed them, to the Princesses Lucretia and Leonora, both of whom he admired,—one of whom he adored. When Tasso first visited Ferrara, in 1565, he was just one and twenty; with all the advantages which a fine countenance, a majestic figure, (for he was tall even among the tallest,) noble birth, and excellent talents could bestow: he was already distinguished as the author of *Rinaldo*, his earliest poem, in which he had celebrated (as if prophetically) the Princesses D'Este, and chiefly Leonora. When Tasso was first introduced to her at her brother's court, she was in her thirtieth year, a disparity of age which is certainly no argument against the passion she inspired. For a young man at his first entrance into life, to fall in love ambitiously—for instance, with a woman who is older than himself, or who is, or ought to be, unattainable—is a common occurrence. Tasso had formed in his own poetical mind, the most exalted idea of what a female ought to be, and unfortunately she who first realised his dreams of perfection was a princess—"there seated where he durst not soar." Leonora was still eminently beautiful, in that soft, artless, unobtrusive style of beauty which is charming in itself, and in a princess irresistible, from its contrast with the loftiness of her station, and the trappings of her rank. Her complexion was extremely fair; her features small and regular, and the form of her head peculiarly graceful. Ill health, and her early acquaintance with the

sorrows of her mother,* had given her countenance a languid and pensive cast, and sicklied all the natural bloom of her complexion; but "*paleur qui marque une ame tendre, a bien son prix*;" so Tasso thought, and this "*vago pallore*," which "*vanquishes the rose*, and makes the morn ashamed of its blushes," he has frequently and beautifully celebrated. Her eyes were blue; her mouth of peculiar beauty, both in form and expression. In his seventh sonnet, "*Bella e la donna mia*," he says it was the most lovely feature of her face: and in another, still finer, he styles this exquisite mouth "*a crimson shell*." Her accomplished and unhappy mother had early instilled into her mind a love of literature, and especially of poetry. She was passionately fond of music, and sang admirably. Leonora, to a sweet-toned voice, added a gift, which unless thus accompanied, loses half its value, and almost all its charm. She spoke well; and her eloquence was so persuasive, that we are told she had power to move her brother Alphonso, when none else could. Tasso says most poetically, that "*eloquence played round her lips, like the zephyr, breathing over roses*." With what emotions must a young and ardent poet have listened to his own praises from a beautiful mouth, thus sweetly gifted! and it may be added, that her eloquence, and the influence she possessed over her brother, were ever employed in behalf of the deservings and the unfortunate.

The good people of Ferrara had such an exalted idea of her piety and benevolence, that when an earthquake caused a terrible inundation of the Po, and the destruction of the surrounding villages, they attributed the safety of their city entirely to her prayers and intercession. Leonora then, was not unworthy of her illustrious conquest, either in person, heart, or mind. To be summoned daily into the presence of a princess thus beautiful and amiable, to read aloud his verses to her, to hear his own praises from her lips, to bask in her approving smiles, to associate with her in her retirement, to behold her in all the graceful simplicity of her familiar life, was a dangerous situation for Tasso, and surely not less so for Leonora herself. That she was aware of his admiration, and perfectly understood his sentiments, and that a mysterious intelligence subsisted between them, consistent with the utmost reverence on his part, and the most perfect delicacy and dignity on hers, is apparent from innumerable passages scattered through his minor poems—too significant in their application to be mistaken. Leonora knew as well as her lover, that a princess "*was no love-mate for a bard*;" she knew far better than her lover, until he too was taught by wretched experience, the haughty and implacable temper of her brother. She was of a timid and reserved nature, increased by the extreme delicacy of her constitution: her hand had been sought by numerous princes and nobles, whom she had uniformly rejected, at the risk of displeasing her brother; and the eyes of a jealous court were upon her. Tasso, on the other hand, was imprudent, hot-headed, fearless, ardently attached. For both their sakes, it was necessary for Leonora to be guarded and reserved, unless she would have made herself the fable of all Italy; and in what glowing verse has Tasso described all the delicious pain of such a situation! now proud of his fetters, now exasperating them in despair. In allusion to his ambitious passion, he is *Phaëton*, *Icarus*, *Tantalus*, *Ixion*.

A cruel, and as I think, a most unjust imputation, rests on the memory of the princess. She is accused of cold-heartedness, in suffering her lover to remain so long imprisoned, without interceding in his behalf, or even vouch-

*René of France, the daughter of Louis XII. She was closely imprisoned during twelve years, on suspicion of favouring the early reformers.

safing any reply to his affecting supplications for release. The excuse alleged by those who would excuse her, "that she feared to compromise herself by any interference," is ten times worse than the accusation itself. But though there exists, I suppose, no written proof that Leonora pleaded the cause of Tasso, or sought to mitigate his sufferings, neither is there any proof to the contrary.

If then we do not find Leonora publicly appearing as the benefactress of Tasso, and using her influence over her brother in his behalf, is it not rather a presumption that she was implicated in his punishment? What comfort or kindness she could have granted under such circumstances, must have been bestowed with infinite precaution, and from gratitude and discretion, as carefully concealed. We know, that after the first year of his confinement, Tasso was removed to a less gloomy prison; and we know that Leonora died a few weeks afterwards; but what share she might have had in procuring this mitigation of his sufferings, we do not know, nor how far the fate of Tasso might have affected her so as to hasten her own death. * *

About two years after the completion of the 'Jerusalem Delivered,' and four after the first representation of 'The Aminta,' when all Europe rang with the poet's fame, Tasso fled from the court of Ferrara in a fit of distraction. His frenzy was caused partly by religious horrors and scruples; partly by the petty but accumulated injuries which malignity and tyranny had heaped upon him; partly by a long-indulged and hopeless passion; and with these, other moral and physical causes combined, he fled to his birth-place, Torrento, to hide himself and his sorrows in the arms of his sister Cornelia, whom he had not met since their days of childhood. He resided with her for three years, the object of her unwearied and tender attention. It was on his return to Ferrara, (recalled, as Manso says, by the tenor of Leonora's letters,) that he was imprisoned as a lunatic in St. Anne's. They show to travellers the cell in which he was confined. The inscription on the door *lies*, like many other inscriptions. Tasso was not confined to this cell seven years; but here it was that he addressed that affecting canzone to Leonora and her sister Lucretia, which begins "Daughters of Renée." (Figlie di Renata.) He reminds them of the years he had spent at their side—"their noble servant and their dear companion," and by the commencing delicate and tender apostrophe, bespeaks their compassion, by awakening the remembrance of their mother, like him so long a wretched prisoner. He was after the first year, removed to a larger cell, with better accommodations. Here he made a collection of his smaller poems, lately written, and dedicated them to the two princesses. But Leonora was no longer in a state to be charmed by his verses; she was dying. A slow and cureless disease preyed on her delicate frame, and she expired in February, 1581, in the second year of Tasso's imprisonment. Thus perished of a premature decay, she who had been for seventeen years the idol of the poet's imagination—the worship of the poet's heart. The love of Tasso for the princess Leonora, might have appeared in his own time something like the desire of the night-moth for the star—but what is it *now*? What was it then in the eyes of her whom he adored? How far was it permitted, encouraged, repaid in secret? This we cannot know, and perhaps had we lived at the time,—in the very court, and looked daily into her own soft eyes,—practised to conceal, we had been no wiser. Yet one more observation. When Leonora died, all the poets of Ferrara pressed forward with the tribute of elegy and eulogium, but the voice of Tasso was not amongst the rest. He alone flung no garland upon the bier of her whose living brow he had wreathed with the brightest flowers of song. This is adduced by Serassi, as a proof that he had never loved her. Strange reasoning! as if Tasso, while his heart bled over his loss in his solitary

cell, could have deigned to join this crowd of courtly mourners! as if, under such circumstances, at such a moment, the greatness of his grief could have burst forth in any terms that must not have exposed himself to fresh rigours, and drawn suspicion upon the fame, or at least upon the discretion, of her he had loved! No! nothing remained for him but silence;—and he was silent.

MRS. JAMESON.

THE GUDE MAID'S CROSS.

IN the year 1805, being on a sporting tour in the Highlands, under the care and guidance of my good friend Captain Daniels, whose rough-built rustic *bothy* teemed with all the luxuries of time and season, and glittered with all the spirit-stirring implements of that mimic warfare, "the chase"—it chanced upon a clear morning, towards the end of October, that a roving fit took me during the temporary absence of my *Achates* upon matters of moment with his man of law; far, far away into the mountains, tripping over heath and heather-bell, and breasting the exhilarating breezes from the chilling "regions of thick-ribbed ice," with no attendant save old Ranter for a companion, a tried *Joe Manton* on my shoulder, and a well-filled flask of stinging Glenlivet in my pouch, flanked wi' a barley bannock "to fright exhaustion from the inward man." Thus accoutred, I wiled away the day till eventide and the sinking sun warned me of home, and of the comforts of the Captain's cheering bog-pine fire, and having had of rambling "quantum suff," shooting all I hit, and at all I saw, I turned my wearied steps towards the nearest bank of the winding Tay, whose rapid stream I had still kept within mine eye, to serve me in some sort as a Rosamond's clue to my (for the season) Highland home, whose door-stane it laved with its flood, and yet brooding, not with a pleasant feeling, on the "lang Scotch miles," when my good guardian genius spied for me a fisher's little coble, rolling 'neath easy sail towards the more southerly town of Scone, laden with its freight of haddies fresh, and springing salmon from the Loch. A hail soon brought it to the shore, and for "a sma' plack an' a bawbee" as "a consideration," I seated my old canine *compagnon de voyage* at the bottom of the boat, and throwing myself listlessly near him, I gazed in admiration on the setting sun, and listened with pure pleasure to the soothing murmuring music of the rippling waters, as they glided by the solitary bark, which contained besides myself, old Jock Maine, or red Jock, as he was called, and a wee gillie of a bairn, that old Ranter, from his ragged shock head, and the manner in which he lay coiled up at the bottom of the craft, was for a moment in doubt whether to address as one of his own species. We passed many a lovely spot "in verdure clad," glittering like emeralds amid the sterility of the greater part of the surrounding scenery, each, with but few exceptions, known from some tale or tradition handed down from generation to generation, and rendered to "memory dear," from father unto son; and all of which, old Jock, with "nature's eloquence gifted," told and pointed out to me. One struck me more than all the others. It was of an old, rough-hewn stone cross, in as sweetly pleasant a spot as mortal eyes ever dwelt upon; and he called it the "Gude Maid's Cross."

"In times long gone, a chieftain of much power, whose name and kindred had been lost in years, possessed the whole of the country for miles around. The clan of which he was the common father, was numerous and warlike; and from the station which he held, he was more frequently brought into contact with the southerners of Edinburgh and the borders, than Highland chiefs usually were, or cared to be. On his return from one of

his excursions southward, he brought with him three gay gallants from the court to hawk, hunt, and prove the hospitality of a Scottish lord. One of them, the lightest, merriest, and youngest, so well charmed with his sojourn, made pleasant as it was, by the presence and beauty of his entertainer's only child, still lingered, long after the departure of his friends; and all saw, save him who alone could and would have interfered to prevent it, that the pride of their glens and the cherished daughter of their hearts looked to the stranger alone for her happiness, and leaned on him alone for her hope. *Her hope* was blasted! The long delayed period of departure came. The wish of the restless libertine had been fulfilled; he knew he had touched her pure and guileless heart; and though he feared to pursue the advantage he had gained over her to her ruin, he felt he had won her love. Eager for change, and ever seeking after novelty to gratify his vitiated appetite, he slighted the treasure he possessed, and hastened again to the thoughtless scenes of rioting and folly. Years passed on, and he returned not to the heath-covered valley. On again visiting the city, the chieftain learned to his surprise, that wretchedness and poverty had fallen on the man whose departure from his house, he knew not why, had withered his blossoming rose upon its stem; and with a feeling of kindness and honour which could not be too much commended, he sought him, to comfort and support him in his misery; however, he found him not, for, on the very day after he had arrived in Edinburgh, though wasted by disease, and broken by mental debility, the man he looked for had wandered of his own accord, away, none knew whither. Four years after, when a neighbouring chief applied for the maiden as a bride for his son, and her father had consented; for the first time in her life she refused to yield to his solicitations or commands. The young man, who really loved her, discovered that she visited much and long the hut of her fosterer, or nurse, which stood in the green spot mentioned; and he reported to her father, that she there saw to her disgrace and shame, an unknown lover. In a fit of passion the enraged parent rushed forth to the cottage, and bursting the slightly-fastened door, he found, that she had for more than four years nursed and tended, till her life's strength sunk under it, a hopeless, helpless, wasting idiot. Many weeks did not elapse ere they slept in the same grave; and the broken-hearted father, with his own hand, hewed the pile and placed it there, to commemorate for ever the strength and fervour of the "Gude Maid's" love.

PENAL CODE OF CHINA.

SIR GEORGE STAUNTON, the present member for Portsmouth, was the first European who, by overcoming the extraordinary difficulty of the Chinese language, was enabled to furnish to English readers a translation of the criminal laws of that singular people. In 1810 he published the "Ta-Tsing-Len-Lee, being the fundamental laws, and a selection from the supplementary statutes of the penal code of China, originally printed and published in Peking, under the sanction of the Ta-Tsing, or present dynasty." Those laws contain some very curious provisions, which would at any time be interesting, and a portion of which, in the present state of our relations with China, possesses no little political interest. We subjoin a few extracts from the work. The honourable baronet closes his introduction with the following sentence, which will serve to show how favourable an impression he entertained respecting the inhabitants of China. He thinks it reasonable to conclude that "a philosopher who should survey this people with an enlightened and liberal indulgence, would probably find something to compensate the evils he had justly reprobated and lamented, and might

even have at last determined that a considerable proportion of the opinions most generally entertained by Chinese and Europeans of one another, was to be imputed either to prejudice or to misinformation; and that, upon the whole, it was not allowable to arrogate on either side any violent degree of moral or physical superiority." All attempts or offences against the government are punished with extraordinary severity, and the most remote attack on the person or dignity of the emperor is repressed with keen and vindictive jealousy. Persons convicted of treasonable practices are to be put to death by slow and protracted torture, and all their male relations in the first degree indiscriminately beheaded, their female relations sold into slavery, and all their connexions residing in the family relentlessly put to death. All persons who at any time presume to walk upon the roads set apart for the imperial journeys, shall be severely punished. If they intrude into the line of the imperial retinue they shall suffer death, and the same if they enter any apartment of the palace set apart for the use of his majesty, or any of his near relations. Workmen employed in the palace shall receive a passport on entering, and deliver it back on their return; they shall be regularly counted as they pass out before sunset, and if any one remain behind, he shall suffer death.

These precautions show the feeling of insecurity which pervades the government of China. Another remarkable feature in this code is the frequency of corporal punishments. Minor offences of all descriptions, in every rank of society, from the highest officer of the state to the common pickpocket, are punished by a certain quantity of flagellation. The bamboo is the instrument used. In some particular cases the law allows the corporal punishment to be remitted by a fine at the rate of about thirty shillings for each blow. There is no explanation given of the mode of originating prosecutions; all persons who come to the knowledge of a crime are liable to severe penalties if they do not inform, and in cases of theft or robbery, the soldiery and the magistracy of the district are exposed to repeated floggings if they do not discover and convict the offender. All capital convicts are to be executed at a particular period of the autumn, and not sooner than three days after the emperor has transmitted his ratification of the sentence. Foreigners guilty of crimes within China are tried according to the common law of the empire.

There is no proper hereditary nobility in China, except the descendants of some great Tartar princes. The emperor, however, can bestow nobility with a remainder to heirs male, to be resumed when he pleases. There is no ecclesiastical establishment in China, except the emperor and magistrates, who perform all public oblations. The religion of Fo is tolerated. To suppress ambition it is enacted, that if any person shall address the emperor in praise of the virtues or abilities of any high officer of state, that person shall suffer death.

Almost every man is married as soon as he comes of age. Persons bearing the same family name, though not related, are whimsically prohibited from intermarrying. If the emperor's physician compound any medicine not sanctioned by established usage, he shall receive one hundred blows. If there be any dirt in his imperial majesty's food, the cook shall receive eighty blows; and if any dish shall be sent up without having been previously tasted, he shall receive fifty blows. If any unusual ingredient be put into the food, the cook shall receive one hundred blows, and be compelled to swallow the article. Every individual who does not dismount and make way when he sees an officer of government on the road, shall receive fifty blows. Robbery in the night is punished with death; in the day with one hundred blows and perpetual banishment.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LOVER'S WISHES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

OH, if there were on earth a spot
Where heaven its dews is ever flinging,
Where, ere the last hath been forgot,
Some fresh bright flower is ever springing.
Where honeysuckles twining meet
With lilies and the jasmine sweet,—
Oh, if there were a spot so bright,
And if that spot were mine, love,
No foot should tread, however light,
Its hallowed soil, but *thine*, love.

Oh, if there were on earth a breast
That thrills with virtue's pure emotion;
Where honour dwells, perpetual guest
With loyal faith and true devotion.
Whence noble aspirations rise,
And sullen Evil vanquished flies;
Oh, if a breast so pure and kind
Existed, and were mine, love,
No head, however fair, should find
A pillow there, but *thine*, love.

Oh, if there were on earth a dream
That love with rosy hues doth grace,
Wherein each day, a brighter beam
Of joy and bliss the eye can trace.
A dream that heaven would seem to send,
A dream where heart with heart doth blend;
Oh, if there were a dream like this,
And I could make it mine, love,
In it, as in a nest of bliss,
Should lie that heart of *thine*, love!

G.

DIRGE ON LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

SHE comes no more, that vision bright,
Whose entrance was like morning light,
Whose smiles were dews, whose eyes outshone
All happy things they looked upon;
Alas! their lovely light is o'er,
She comes no more, she comes no more!

She comes no more, with swan-like air,
Fairest amidst a thousand fair;
Whom knighthood worshipped, proud and free,
And monarchs gazed on reverently;
Alas! her gentle reign is o'er,
She comes no more, she comes no more!

She comes no more, the longing wait
In vain around her palace gate;
In vain the minstrels' preludes sound,
To win her from that sleep profound;
Through gilded hall and palace door
She comes no more, she comes no more!

She comes no more, that loveliest bloom
Is withering in the darksome tomb!
Fairest that ever graced a throne,
She sleeps untended and alone;
And gilded hall and palace door
For her shall never open more.

R.—1814.

VARIETIES.

An ingenious Frenchman has invented a button in which the principle of nut and screw is applied, so that, without a stitch, buttons may be far more securely, as well as more speedily, put upon clothes than in the ordinary way; and those who have not souls above buttons may, if they please, have half-a-dozen suits of buttons to each suit of clothes, the top being screwed on to the shank.

An eminent French statistical writer once took his station near the staircase, at a London ball, for the purpose of ascertaining the proportion of gentlemen who arranged their hair with their fingers before entering the room. He found them to average about twenty-nine out of thirty; those who had least or most hair usually occupying most time.—*Quarterly Review*.

ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN.—The greatest men are often affected with the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connexion with the effects they produce. A gentleman of considerable celebrity always feels secure against the cramp when he places his shoes on going to bed, so that the right shoe is on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. Dr. Johnson used always, in going up Bolt court, to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed, he felt certain the day would be unlucky. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. An eminent living writer can never compose with his slippers on. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. A great German scholar writes with his braces off. Reisch, the German critic, wrote his commentaries on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his side. Schlegel lectures, at the age of seventy-two, extempore, in Latin, with his snuff-box constantly in his hand; without it he could not get on.

A BRITTLE GARMENT.—At the Polytechnic Institution, Regent street, London, there is exhibited one pound of glass, spun by steam into a thread 4000 miles long, and woven with silk into beautiful dresses and tapestry.

INADEQUACY OF LANGUAGE.—Words are poor weapons. The most beautiful verses are those which we cannot express. The diction of every language is insufficient, and every day the heart of man finds, in the delicacy of his sentiments, and the imagination discovers in the impressions of visible nature, things which the mouth cannot embody for want of words. The heart and the thought of man are like a musician driven to play infinitely varied music on an organ which has but few notes. It is more advisable to be silent. Silence is a refined poetry at certain moments. It is felt by the soul and appreciated by God; and that is enough.—*Lamartine*.

INSECTS IN CHALK.—Professor Ehrenberg has made some remarkable discoveries in the course of his various experiments on chalk. He found that a cubic inch possessed upwards of a million of microscopical animalcula: consequently, a pound weight of chalk contains above 10,000,000 of these animalcula! From his researches it appears probable that all the strata of chalk in Europe are the product of microscopical animalcules, most of them invisible to the naked eye.

Dr. Johnson once dined with a Scottish lady who had a hotch-potch for dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she asked him if it was good. "It is good for hogs, ma'am," said the doctor. "Then pray," said the lady, "let me help you to a little more."

A singular custom prevails at Gainsborough of giving away penny loaves on the morning of a funeral to whoever demands them; this custom has prevailed for so long a period, that the poorer inhabitants look upon it as a right.

The fact cannot be too generally known, that if, when a chimney is built, the mortar with which it is to be plastered be mixed with salt, there will be no necessity for sweeping it, as in every damp spell of weather the salt deliquesces, and the soot will of course fall down.

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